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S P E E C H  
O F

S<sup>r</sup> George Pudsey K<sup>t</sup>.

At the Time of his being Sworn

R E C O R D E R  
O F T H E  
C i t y o f O x f o r d

I N

The Council-Chamber of the same City, on Tuesday the Eighth day of January 1682 where they agreed to the Sealing the Instrument sent by his Majesty.

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*Order'd by A<sup>c</sup>t of Council, that Sir GEORGE PUDSEY Knight, be Desired to Print his Speech.*

B A K E R.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Anthony Stephens* Bookseller in *Oxford*, and are to be Sold by *Thomas Sawbridge*, at the three *Flower de Luce* in *Little-Britain*.  
MDCLXXXIV.

*The Speech of Sir George Pudsey Knight, at the time of his being sworn Recorder, &c.*

GENTLEMEN,

**F**ortune has at last gratified me in that earnest Desire I have always had to serve You. And tho' I despair of making due Acknowledgements, yet you may believe, that I am very sensible of the Favour you have done me, in so unanimously chusing me to be your Servant; for such a one your Recorder is: 'tis a place of Honour and of Trust, and if I discharge it, not as I ought, or at least as I am able, I am the worst of Men: I value my self much upon it, but more upon your Friendship. Perhaps few Recorders for many ages have been so freely Elect-ed. Therefore Gratitude as well as Oath obliges me to be faithful to you, Interest also, (a mighty Motive) prompts me to the same. I am your Neighbour as well as fellow Citizen. The little Fortune that I have lies near you; if *Oxford* flourish, *Elsfield* will not fare the worse. Gentlemen, I hope you'll have a favourable opinion of him you have made yours. It's no inconsiderable disadvantage to succeed a man of such great abilities as your last Recorder was: a Person who liv'd long amongst you, and knew the secrets of your Corporation; yet this I vow, I'll pray the aid of all the Inns of Court rather than you shall suffer: and indeed why should you in any thing? Have you not opportunities enough to be happy? Does not the Great and Good Earl of *Abingdon* offer his assistance, ready at all times upon his knee to begg his Majesties Favour in your behalf? When he appears, make room for *Oxford*, cries the Guards, the Town is Loyal grown; when at another time (if I may speak it) A modest *Oxford* man dare hardly peep in Court. Why then don't we by his vast Interest let in the Pearls of Majesty upon us? Who can live without the Sun? Have we not a famous University for our Example? Let her great Loyalty (if it be possible) be outdone by us. Can we be poison'd at the Fountain head? Where is Learning, Piety, and Obedience practis'd if not in this our English Athens? Who so ignorant that does not know how eminent this place has been for Loyalty? How proud it was when *Charles* the First, that Glorious King, shut himself up within our walls? Did not our Citizens follow *Bellona's* Call, to defend his Sacred Person from Rebels fury? Was not this the Seat of War? With what bravery and gallantry did this City assert its Monarch's Right? Surely the stock of Loyalty is not worn out. How many are there in this place now that liv'd in those days, and play'd the Soldiers part, therefore I'll not think there's an ill man amongst us, however it happens that for some miscarriages of ours we stand not right in *Cæsar's* favour. We promise largely, perform poorly, and that with grudging too. The Widow's mite, what was it? yet being all, and freely given, had the largest thanks. Gentlemen, let me advise you to redeem your selves again: His Majesty, whom the Law styles Head of the Kingdom, Father of the Country, Master of the whole Family of the Nation, Chief Justice of all *England*, and a kind of petty God on Earth, who for the excellency of his Person, by way of resemblance, has Divine Attributes, as Immortality, for as King he never dies, Sovereignty, Majesty, Power, Verity, Justice, and the like: He is merciful, of a God-like temper, as ready to forgive as we to ask: let us think nothing but good of him and his Government; for fears and jealousies have been of fatal consequence to this Nation, and still are the greatest enemies to the peace and tranquillity of it. Sometimes they cry Popery is a breaking in upon us, when God knows (as it is lately prov'd.) the eight hundredth man is not Papist, unless all are such that are not Dissenters from the Church, for so indeed they call us. Did not his Majesty for several years live in Popish soil, yet came over to us as well in Heart as Title, *Defender of the Faith*. His Royal Highness, Great Britains Mars, its Heir and Glory, has upon all occasions express'd himself highly in favour of our Church, has settled the Pro-  
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testant Religion upon such sure foundations in *Scotland*, that it's not to be shaken. Are not his Daughters, (after him the present Heirs to the Imperial Crown,) Protestants, and married two such Princes, on design purely for to secure our Religion, when *France* it self courted that alliance for its Heir? Are not the Lords of the *Romish* Faith excluded the *House* of Peers? The Laws strictly put in execution against the *Papists*? Besides, What alteration can there be in Church or State, without a National consent? If these are signs of Popery then indeed we are in danger. What think ye Gentlemen? You are men of reason, live among the Muses, where Learning is at the height; Though I must confess, if a Papist must not breath Common Air, or tread his Native Earth because he is so, 'tis hard. Who does not think his own opinion best? Sometimes again, how doe the fears of Arbitrary Power, of loss of Liberty and Property call Crowds together to consult, who shake the Head, look down, cry we are lost, sad times are coming? When that's the only way to have them come; for if a People grow Rebel-ripe, why should not we believe that Kings who sit at stern, that pick and cull the Nation for the wisest Heads, should not endeavour to preserve their Empire, and Dominion, as well as we quit shops and stalls and fly to Coffee-Houses to examine every Letter, to see how things are like to go with us. Gentlemen, be not seduc'd by men of Seditious Spirits; The first sin of Men and Angels was Rebellion, Heaven and Paradise were lost by it, believe it is the Kings Interest, as well as Royal Inclination to preserve us in our Rights and Liberties; For take away Property, and Industry is quickly at an end: Where is the Crowns safety then? The empty Travailer laughs at the Thief; who values his Countries defence that hath nothing in it which he can call his own? In some of the Eastern Parts, (the Garden of the World by Nature) a man may ride some scores of Miles, and scarcely see a Hut; because no man has any thing but at the Princes will; With us the Prosperity of the People is the Monarchs joy: He always esteems himself Rich, if they are so.

Gentlemen, I am not altogether a stranger to History, can give a reasonable account of most Countries, amongst which *England* has not an equal. Let us see how matters stood with the Jews in Righteous *David's* days? Thou and *Ziba* divide the Land was *David's* judgment: against his Masters Son before his offence was prov'd. A Semeiter or a Bow-string leaves breathless in a minute the greatest Subject in three parts of the World, without a Judge and Jury. In our Neighbouring Countries, Racks and Wheels are thought gentle easie ways to find out truth. The *French* Kings Sword is his Subjects Charter, The *Spanish* Inquisition this Worlds Hell. In *Holland* it self, that fam'd Common-wealth, a Herring is Excis'd nine times before it's eat, yet in these places all hush, and still: No Plots to murder Kings, or Magistrates. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, if I tell ye, that many times the too great indulgence of a Prince brings speedy ruine to a Nation. *Plutarch* in the life of *Lycurgus* gives us a Relation of one *Eurytion* a *Spartan* King, who took a course never practis'd by his wise Predecessors, which was to cajole his own Subjects by slacking the Reins of the Royal Authority; but see what follow'd, instead of gaining upon them, they grew so insolent, that at last they brought the Government into contempt, and soon after the whole Kingdom into Anarchy and confusion, and were never satisfied, till one of their best Princes was barbarously murder'd in the streets by the Rabble, as he was appeasing a Tumult; How near a Parallel is this to his late Majesty, who I'll boldly say has done more, except the Present King, to endear the Subject then all the Kings from the *Norman* to this time besides; but what come on't? That's a Melancholy consideration. Mercy and Goodness in Princes are too often mistaken, and call'd necessity and easiness of Nature: An yielding King shall always find a craving Subject. We are like the *Israelites* never satisfi'd, desire to return back into *Egypt* into our old Bondage. I have heard, that in the late Rebellion, a Captain and his Company has made *London*, that haughty Mistress of our Isle, whom we so much delight to imitate, all in tears, her Citizens Crouching like Spaniels at the frown of a Traytor, when at the same time they bid defiance to their King.

Are not we turn'd Mad-men, and the Devil fool, His invention is lost. Must a Nation be destroy'd, 'twice in half an age by the very same methods; A Juglers tricks if shown more than once or twice becomes Childrens sport. Popery was the Topick amongst



amongst the Zealous e're since I remember, and is now the only Idol that supports the Brethrens cause : if the word were but forgotten they were Dumb, its the holding twig Who would not have sworn three years since that the Popes Bull was not broken in among us ? No Popery, no Papist, were the *Oxford Cryes*, when, on my conscience, the promoters of the Noise are nearer that perswasion than my self ; the man they aim'd at. Do they not say that Kings are the peoples Creatures, made by them, and when the Spirit moves, may be laid aside again ? Our Church abhors such Doctrine, lets hold to that. *Julian* that cunning arch Enemy of our Religion encourag'd all Opinions and sects amongst the Christians, that tended to the rooting out of our Faith. For shame let's grow wiser, we are in safety (if there be such a thing on this side Heaven : ) Let the most factious fellow of e'm all tell me whats not done to secure the Subject ? He is fenc'd in on every side, the Star-Chamber, Court of Wards, High Commission Court, and every thing which the people had the least colour to call grievous, are willingly laid aside. What a noise has quartering of Souldiers made ? How are the Law-Books fill'd with Cases of imprisonments ? To ease us of these fears too, there's not a Souldier looks into a private house, or enters any Inn, but as a Traveller : the Landlord makes the Bill : what Offender is not bail'd out of Prison in such a time, if not prosecuted, though Treason threw him in ? if such Acts of Grace as these will not give us grateful souls, or at least keep us in quiet, nothing but a rod of iron will. Will there be no peace till *Shebah's* head is thrown over the wall. Gentlemen, I could waste a day upon this subject, and challenge all the world to shew me such another Government ; therefore if these be signs of Arbitrary Power, of loss of Liberty and Property, speak, Gentlemen, be not silent. Good men will be convinc'd by reason, and blest their Maker for their happiness ; Ill men must be watch'd by those that are in Power. He that grumbles at this Government, with *Lucifer* would quarrel Heaven, therefore with him deserves his punishment. But suppose the worst, that our fears were true, that Religion and Allegiance did no ways oblige us, that his Majesty had as many vices as he has vertues, would Rebellion mend the matter ? No, that a Nation's Ruin is ready to attest. Has not that happened to us and much more, which foolish *Rehobam* threatened the ten Tribes with, that his little finger should be heavier upon them than his Father's Loyns ; that if his Father whip'd them with rods, he would beat them with Scorpions ? Gentlemen, a civil War is like a Gaming-house, where none gets at last but the Box-keeper. Not long after his Majesties return I was at such a place at a time when a great Lord had lost no little sum ; to cheer his Heart, he calls for a glass of Wine, and drinks a health to him that had gain'd by play ; amongst fifty Gentlemen there was not one would lay any title to it, at last in comes a little creeping fellow, and claims the health, protesting that he had never brought into the house more than half a Crown at any one time, seldome so much, yet by his cunning and advantages had heap'd up many a hundred pound ; so in Civil War the Beggar mounts a horse-back, and all above him goe a foot ; Coblers and Tinkers turn Lords, and Lords turn nothing. If Rebellion has success, which to the discouragement of all Treason (it has had but once this six hundred years in *England*) to change it's Government, yet the leading Rebels very rarely dye in peace. If the Prince be victorious, which certainly he is, unless when the Almighty intends to call the Nation to a reckoning for her sins, then the People are at mercy. Which of us would willingly call an Equal or an Inferiour, Lord ? Where were our *English* Liberty then ? Therefore since all cannot be Kings, let's be obedient to him that is the best of Kings, think Loyalty our greatest interest as well as Duty. Gentlemen, consider, we have watchful eyes over us : Esteem not them good Citizens who advise us to wrastle too much with Majesty, for we shall have the fall. Why then all say with me, Long live the King, we'll grant him any thing that he will have, because we are sufficiently assur'd, he will ask nothing but what we may freely, and safely give.

F I N I S.